STAGE AND GREEN ROOM.

BUTTE, June 30.—The admirers of that veteran actor, Charles Couldock, who recently appeared in Butte with Effie Elisler, will appreciate the following story from Milton Noble's "Shop Talk":

Back in the '60s Couldock had been playing an engagement in Cleveland with John Elisler. He left on Sunday morning for Philadelphia, but missed a connection and had to spend Sunday in a small Ohio town.

McKean Buchanan and his company of barn-stormers were stranded in the town. The tragedian encountered Couldock at the hotel, and assisted him in beguiling the tedious hours in a friendly game of draw.

Couldock caught a train at 3 a. m. on Monday. Buchanan escorted him to the depot, and lent him $2 for meals en route.

Just before the train pulled in Buchanan said: "Say, Charley, I want to go to New York next summer to show those fellows what acting is. But the d—— aristocrats won't even answer my letters. Can't you give me a letter of introduction to Wheatleigh?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," replied Couldock, and taking from his pocket an old envelope, he wrote on the back:

William Wheatleigh, Esq., Manager Winter Garden Theater:

MY DEAR WHEATLEIGH.—This will introduce the distinguished tragedian, McKean Buchanan. He plays Othello, Richelieu, Macbeth and Poker. He plays Poker best.

C. W. COULDOCK.

A correspondent writing to an eastern paper from Red Hook, N. Y., tells of a walk through the Lutheran churchyard of that place.

"My guide led me to the grave, which, so far as being neatly kept or marked by a headstone, might have been that of one of the paupers in the adjoining Potter's field.

"Here, said my guide, as she halted before the mound, lies the remains of one, who in years gone by, received the homage of every crowned head in Europe and won the plaudits of millions. This mound covers the ashes of a woman whose name was on the tongues of two continents and whose deeds of charity, especially to those who had known the trials and struggles connected with the stage, were almost without number. Almost the last act of her life was to give her farewell appearance to the world in behalf of the poor of her profession. That appearance cost her her life, but when all that was mortal of Madame Anna Bishop, wife of Sir Henry Bishop, the greatest songstress than England has ever produced, and one of the greatest that has ever held the world spell-bound was laid in this grave, there was scarcely a tear shed or a mourner in the little cortege.

"I bowed in reverence over the unmarked and unkept grave and pondered how quickly the great are forgotten, even by those they befriended in life."

The Marie Burroughs art portfolio of stage celebrities offered by the STANDARD is a production that is sure to please. Beautiful and gifted actresses, handsome and talented actors are represented in this portfolio by the latest and best portraits. The eight parts already issued have delighted thousands and the beautiful number nine will please as many more. Some of the best and most popular people are in this part, people who have made themselves famous by their art. For instance there is Fanny Davenport, the leading representative of Sardou's famous creation in America, with her husband and leading man, Melborne MacDowell. In this part also are Thomas W. Keene, Lotta, John Drew, Mary Hampton, C. W. Couldock, Henniotta Crosman, Joseph B. Polk and other famous people, including Lottie Collins, the originator of ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay. This number is sure to be one of the most popular of this complete and artistic series.

A popular young leading man was recently engaged by Edward Abram to play the opposite part to Louis Aldrich in "My Partner." To the manager's astonishment the actor returned the contract unsigned, explaining that it was all right as far as it went, but he wanted a clause inserted to the effect that the leading man would not be expected to play poker or "crib" with the star on salary day. Mr. Abram made the concession demanded.

The Comique will reopen Tuesday evening under a new management and a company of excellent specialty people. Mr. Trudel, the new manager, comes to Butte well recommended and with flattering letters, which, however, he does not exhibit often since he learned that his predecessor, Mr. Deuber, had cartloads of letters with which he succeeded in taking in a good many people.

Philip Ray, the gentleman who expended a great deal of energy in trying to manage McKee Rankin and Jeffreys Lewis, has resigned the responsibility and is still in town, and will probably remain here for some time. He is an excellent monologue performer and will perhaps appear in some entertainment before leaving the city.

Bettie Ross, a member of the Rankin-Lewis company, made her first appearance on the stage during the Butte engagement. She is a Denver girl and the daughter of a physician of that city, who it is said advanced $500 in order to get her a place in the company in which she is playing.

A dispatch from New Yorks conveys the sad intelligence that Eleanor Barry is at the Roosevelt hospital in that city critically ill and that an operation is to be performed upon her of such a serious nature that, it is said, the chances for her recovery are very slight.

The Potter-Bellew outfit are booked to open in San Francisco Monday night, but there seems to be a doubt that they will arrive on time as they were reported to be quarantined at Yokohama a few days ago.

The total receipts of the Rankin-Lewis engagement in Butte, for eight performances, was but something over $800. The season of the year had much to do with the small houses.

An advertiser in a New York paper "wants an actress for summer entertainment." Many actresses are open for such engagements and there are many men who can testify that they proved quite expensive entertainment.

Louis James and wife (Aphie Hendricks) are visiting Mr. James' relatives in Westport, near Kansas City.

According to the Denver papers, the Butte episode was not McKee Rankin's first pugilistic display, for it seems that he was arrested there for threatening to punch the head of an officer during a controversy over some attached trunks.

The latest story about Ethel Brandon is to the effect that she intends to become Mrs. Arthur Elliott as soon as she shakes off the matrimonial ties that bind her to L. R. Stockwell, and that she will go to Australia with the new partner of her peculiar idiosyncrasies.

Walter Walker will replace C. D. Herman in the Warde-James company next season. Edythe Chapman and Beverly Turner have also been reengaged for this combination.

Minnie Hauk, with her husband, the well-known explorer, were last heard from at Bangkok. They were about to visit the king of Siam before proceeding to China and Japan.

Edwin Milton Royle proposes to make the company now engaged for "Friends" an organization for the exclusive production of his own plays.

The Carleton Opera company have opened a summer opera season at the Grand in Kansas City, and the critics there are speaking well of the company.

Agnes Herndon and Albert R. Andrews were married last week in New York. They will appear together next season.

James J. Corbett has settled the $500 verdict given against him in favor of Joe Lannon.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

When first we met in other days,
Ere I was promised him as bride,
Oft we together saw the plays,
Nor went he ever from my side.
My every moment he'd command,
My whole attention gladly tax,
Time gayly sped. He won my hand
Between the acts.

The years have flown. Yet do we go
Betimes to operas and plays;
But now the lagging hours flow
Less gladly than in former days.
I sometimes nap behind my fan
And quite enjoy the brief relax,
While he goes out to see a man
Between the acts.

—*Chicago Journal.*

TOURNAMENT OF ROUGH RIDERS.

Skill and Daring Displayed by Cowboys of the Southwestern Plains.

The wild steers are brought upon the grounds before the spectators in a herd and rounded up and held by the vaqueros near the judges' stand, says the San Jose *Mercury*. Three judges are appointed, two timekeepers and a flagman. The contestant, mounted on a thoroughly trained horse, is stationed at a point 25 yards from the flagman. When all are ready the vaqueros single out a steer and with a yell such as only cowboys can give they start him across the line by the flagman at breakneck speed. Just as he passes the "dead line" the flagman swings his flag down as a signal for the cowboy to start. His spurs no sooner touch the horse's flanks than he is off with a jump and rapidly catching up with the steer. A whirl or two of the lariat over his head and then the noose darts out and neatly drops over the head of the steer. This done, the rider draws the rope along the right side of the animal and reigning his horse to the left, at right angles to the course of the animal, brings the rope across the hind legs of the animal. The rope is then wrapped about the pommel of the saddle and all slack is taken up. Throwing his weight with the horse from the steer, the animal's head is drawn around to the right, his hind legs crowded forward, and almost as quick as a flash he is lying in a heap.

This operation is usually performed so quickly as to be an entire mystery to the steer as to how he lost his footing. By a little strain the rope is slipped from under the hind legs of the steer up to the front legs, which are then drawn in front of him and close to his head. The rope being fast around the pomel of the saddle, the pony is set back on it, and, bracing himself, stands as firm as a post. The rider leaps off and in a moment is binding the feet of the prostrate steer with a short rope which he carried about his waist. This done, he signals to the judge, and time is taken from the drop of the flag until the contestant's signal was given. After the cowboy throws up his hands he is not allowed to return to his steer. No assistance is allowed at any time. Often when the heavy strain is put on the rope it breaks and horse and rider have a hard fall. Should the horse fail to keep the rope tight after his rider leaves him the steer is very liable to regain his feet, and it is quite frequently the case that he makes for the rider the first instant. It is always a case of skill and nerve against strength, and of the thousands of stockmen who are earning a livelihood in the saddle but few can tie a wild steer down without assistance. The best time in steer tying was made by Charley Meadows at the fair in Arizona in 1888, according to the territorial rules. He accomplished the feat in the very short time of 59 seconds and in this the steer was given 100 yards start. Doc Gordon afterward tied a steer in 48 seconds, but with a 50 yard start.

Tailing-down is the funny part of the cowboy tournament, and always creates merriment with all. The wild steer is given a good start, and in this event it is generally desired that the animal shall be a little hostile, perhaps killed some fine colts and caused little folks to walk around a quarter section of land in order to get home from school. He comes down the track on a lively run, and just as he is thinking about turning on the cowboy and horse and bluffing them out, the cowboy reaches out and grasps the steer's tail. By a magic twist and pull of that appendage to one side and then letting go suddenly, the steer seems to lose his equilibrium and falls headlong, sometimes rolling completely over two or three times. As soon as he recovers his feet he makes a plunge, head down, at the horse and rider nearest, but another cowboy has ridden up in the rear and taken the irate steer by the tail, giving him another tumble. Three or four falls take the vim from him and the reformed steer slowly wends his way to the herd, a reformed bovine.

EDISON IS HIS OWN DOCTOR.

The Electrician Is Vegetarian and Meat Eater by Turns and Thus Keeps Well.

They have a little cot out at the laboratory where Edison sleeps when he spends the night at the laboratory, which is not more than ten minutes' walk from his handsome house in Llewellyn park. Upon this cot he will snatch an hour's and a half hour's sleep at night while waiting for the workmen to finish an armature or to bore a hole in some experimental steel. His meals during such times are sent down from the house, and he may eat them working at the bench or standing up, or forget them altogether. This may go on for days at a time, and Edison may not even take the trouble to go to the cot, but may turn in on a heap of sawdust or the soft side of a board and snatch a few minutes of sleep. Mr. Edison long ago got weary of people who went up to him and said: "You will ruin your health." Physicians gazed at him with a long face and told him if he kept this up his days were numbered.

"They wanted me to take drugs," said he to a New York *World* reporter, "but I am my own doctor."

He has a poor opinion of doctors who write prescriptions designed to insert strange drugs into a man. Mr. Edison, who is blessed with a most rugged constitution and an elastic nature, has a curious theory upon which he "doctors himself." He holds that nature somehow balances things. When he has deprived himself of sleep for several nights in succession he takes a long sleep to make up for it. When he has been eating meat and his liver or kidneys trouble him he suddenly turns vegetarian.

"That brings me around all right," said he, "and then if, after a time, anything goes wrong I begin to eat meat again, when everything is justified." "I eat what I like," said Mr. Edison. It appears to agree with him, for latterly he has been gaining in weight. One of the things he likes is pie. He drinks very little and yet is far from being a total abstainer. "When I was in France they told me that I must drink wine, or I'd get the typhoid fever. So I began to drink their wine, but after awhile my hands began to shake. I guess they only throw in the typhoid fever to advertise their wine. Tea and coffee and water are the best drinks for me."

Mr. Edison expects to live to be 90 years of age. "My father went to Europe at the age of 84," said he. "When in Paris his companion, a young fellow of 65, proposed going out to Versailles. The old gentleman declined to ride, and they walked out and back. My grandfather lived to be 103, despite the horrible influence of tobacco, and I think my chances are good for 90, barring accidents." Mr. Edison's reference to "the horrible influence of tobacco" is what he calls his "little joker." He is an inveterate smoker himself.

"How many cigars do you smoke?"

"From 10 to 20 a day," was the reply.

"Strong ones?"

"The strongest I can get," was the reply.

"Doesn't it hurt your nerves?"

"No. I never saw a sign of it. If I thought it hurt me I'd stop it."

Mr. Edison was asked what he did for amusement and replied that he liked a good story and was fond of the theater. On account of being slightly deaf, however, he cannot hear all the actors say, and is therefore more devoted to light opera. He says he can get down in the front row and hear all the music.

MODERN WHIST TOO SCIENTIFIC.

The Game in These Days Has Almost Ceased to Be Recreation.

The people who used to play whist, the old-fashioned whist, enjoyed the game and cherish pleasant recollections of the evenings whiled away in this pastime. These people do not play whist any more, says the Indianapolis *Journal*. If by chance three of them are gathered together the needed fourth is sure to be a disciple of the new system; he plays scientific whist, and scorns their haphazard methods. He may be too well bred to speak his contempt, but he makes it felt; it envelopes him as a cloud; it is visible in his air of patient endurance and the sad droop of his eyelids. The old-fashioned player feels his inferiority and loses his interest in the game, but at the same time cherishes a secret belief that the devotees of the new and "improved" system do not get the entertainment out of it that he once did out of what was then considered a highly dignified and respectable game, but which is now condemned as "bumblepuppy." The players now proceed as if performing a solemn rite; they have no appearance of enjoying themselves, but are serious of countenance and subdued in manner. A blunder, a departure from the fixed law of the game, subjects the unfortunate perpetrator to looks of disdain, if not to outspoken contumely, which is crushing to all but the most hardened. It is "scientific" and "intellectual," no doubt, as its followers declare, but why continue to call it a game or a pleasing pastime? Do the people who take pleasure in any pursuit or recreation ever hold a "congress" over it? They had a whist congress in Philadelphia last week and the players sat about the tables in a silence so solemn and oppressive that the scratching of a match was a startling noise. Not a man would have dared to speak aloud. There may be a deep and exquisite joy in this sort of thing, but it is hidden from the majority of people, who prefer to take their pleasure less seriously. The new whist is too profound for them, but the old game is probably forever done away with. What is needed is a substitute—something which will while away an hour for weary people who do not feel equal to intellectual exertions and who do not find recreation in feats of memory.

TIMEPIECE IN A SHIRT STUD.

A Wonderful Bit of Mechanism Turned Out by a Pennsylvania Genius.

Theodore C. Rohrer of Newcastle, Pa., who constructed a wonderful automatic clock a number of years ago, containing many figures, and which attracted great attention all over the country when placed on exhibition, has nearly completed another timepiece which displays marvelous mechanism, says the *Guardian*. This clock exhibits scenes in the revolutionary war, and Mr. Rohrer considers it even a more remarkable piece of work than his former effort. In addition to these clocks Mr. Rohrer a number of years ago constructed one of the most ingenious pieces of miniature mechanism to be found in the world. This consists of three gold studs, in one of which is a diminutive watch which keeps most excellent time. The combined weight of the three studs—which are all connected together by a strip of silver metal which passes on the inside of the shirt bosom—is only one ounce and a half. The stud in which is contained the watch has a base about as large as a three-cent piece, and, with its surroundings of gold, presents much the appearance of a very diminutive mariner's compass. When the studs are on the shirt bosom they are about two inches apart. By revolving the upper one—in much the same manner as a stem-winding watch is wound—the little timepiece is wound up for action. In setting the hands the lower stud is revolved.